

CHAPTER 270

April 18, 2014

“Christ Maya, you really need to lay off the booze.”

Justin folded his arms as he watched from the hallway Maya lean over the toilet to heave and ho. They weren't really partying last night, though most of the guys had been watching sports downstairs, and I guess that was grounds to drink it up. At least, it was for Junpei and Izzy. Izzy, surprisingly enough was almost tolerable when he loosened up a little with a drink. Yu didn't really drink. It wasn't necessarily that he wouldn't or didn't want to, but rather, he just realized if someone were to burst through that door and see him with a beer can in his hand, well... Put two and two together. It wouldn't be a good thing to say the least. Maya, on the other hand... you know it was funny; she tried that stuff at Kurt's place once and hated how it tasted. Now she tended to get more wasted than everyone else combined. Either she couldn't hold her drinks real well or she went crazy with the alcohol.

The sound of solids and liquids splashing against toilet water echoed out into the hallway, which in turn caused Justin to shiver a bit at the thought of the vomit expunging from her mouth. At least she was clean about it as she pulled back and wiped her mouth with some toilet paper. Which was one of the last things you really wanted to wipe your mouth with; at least, in terms of conventional items traditionally used for wiping. *“I probably just had something to eat that didn't agree with my stomach.”* She tried to justify, perhaps trying to keep up appearances and not look like some kind of booze hound. Justin shook his head with slight amusement, though also partial disappointment. Better she got all this shit out of her system now, he supposed. Assuming of course she didn't become an alcoholic as a result. Because yeah, that might be bad.

“You still owe me 2,000 yen, Maya.” Justin turned to find Izzy making his way up stairs, a smug grin on his face. Now, Justin had only been down stairs for maybe an hour or so of this little event of theirs before retiring to his room, only to be interrupted by Chie maybe an hour or two later. Sports weren't really his thing you see. But from what he did stick around for, everyone was making bets about who was going to win. I guess Maya bet wrong. Iggy stopped to lean against the wall, taking a quick peer in before taking a swig at the canister around his waist. Oh you would think it was alcohol, but in actuality it was just orange juice. Granted, it was orange juice with a hint of vodka in it, but at least he wasn't carrying Jack Daniels around or anything super hard like that.

“I heard you the first time!” She countered with clear irritation. Sounded like Izzy had been riding her pretty hard about this wager from the sounds of it. He clearly wanted his money. At least he wasn't being an ass about it. I mean granted, he kept

teasing her about her debt every twelve seconds, but it wasn't in a malicious way, you know? He rubbed at his nose and took another swig of his drink before screwing the cap back on and spreading his arms out in a Jesus Christ pose, as if to invite her to 'come at him, person of brother like relationship to him.' And by that I mean he was posing like a douchebag.

"I still have no idea what you're saying!" He laughed a bit with amusement. Maya's face turned red with a combination of anger and embarrassment. On one hand, this was something Izzy had known about for a while, so she shouldn't have been all that ashamed about him acknowledging her condition. Yet it was perhaps for that very reason that she was so angry; because he was STILL rubbing her nose in it. She hung her head with embarrassment as she tried to push herself up from the bathroom floor. Of all the places he had to give her shit, it was in front of the shitter... Actually, you know what, on second thought that was pretty clever. Too bad that probably wasn't the intention. Justin shook his head before glaring at Izzy a bit. It didn't look like he meant anything by it, but hey, he could have just been very amused by others suffering. Justin was gonna give him the benefit of the doubt though. All the same, that needed to stop. Like, right now.

"Hey, hey. Don't make fun of her for that. She's not okay with it." Izzy stared at Justin for a moment before shaking his head and unscrewing the cap on his canister again, his smile slowly fading to a frown all the while. He wasn't trying to offend anyone; he was just making a joke. Those two needed to lighten up. You know what they said about comedy; you had to find where the line was drawn and cross it as many times as possible.

"Fine. I won't." He groaned after a moment taking another sip out of his canister. It was hard to tell if he was really thirsty or if he really needed that vodka right about now. "On an unrelated note, I'd just like to take a moment to advise you you're supposed to put a sock on the door, kid." He turned to Justin, shaking his canister at him as he imparted his words of wisdom. Justin just seemed a little caught off guard; for a number of reasons. Primarily because he wasn't sure what Izzy was talking about, but he had a guess. And if he was right, well... he'd really like to know how Izzy knew Chie was in his room.

"What are you talking about."

"I passed by your girlfriend in the hallway to my room, no need to be shy man." He raised his eyebrows up and down in that wink wink nudge nudge mannerism. Mostly because he couldn't actually wink at Justin with those damn sunglasses on. One of these days Justin was just going to smack those off his face so he could see the guy's actual eyes for once. This wasn't that day though; after all, Justin was too busy being completely mortified. Same went for Maya apparently, though that was more an expression of disgust than anything. She... really... really didn't want to have that image in her head. Like picturing your parents fucking. You didn't want to

think about it, but the image was so horrifying that the moment it popped in your head it was hard to stop. And then that in turn scarred you for life.

"Ughhh... These are really thin walls too." Maya shivered slightly. Her room was next to Justin's, so if anyone heard that crap going on in the middle of the night, it would be her. Luckily, she didn't really make it back to her room until long after both Chie and Justin were unconscious, due to the thunder outside. She ended up latching onto Junpei, much to Junpei's pleasure. Turned out he was quite the player; or at least, he wanted to be. Sadly, Maya acknowledging she had a boyfriend anytime in the future would probably replace any awkward flirting from him with awkward 'did you fuck?' questions. Quite frankly she'd rather prefer the first one. At least she could just brush that off without much thought.

"Now hold on one second, we did NOT... Y-You know!" Justin countered, face completely red. Maya and Izzy passed each other a glance of complete disbelief. Oh sure, Maya wanted to believe nothing happened when Chie slipped into that room at night, but she had a little thing called a brain that told her otherwise. Izzy scratched at his nose a bit before turning his ire back over to Justin, eyeing him carefully.

"Oh, I'm sure you just had a nice conversation. By the way, do you normally wake up with scratch marks along your neck." Justin's eyes widened for a second before rushing into the bathroom, damn near knocking Maya over in the process as he stared into the mirror. Sure enough, there were four long red marks reaching down from the back of his neck on each side; one for each finger. He growled slightly to himself and hung his head with embarrassment and mortification.

"Goddammit Chie."

"Hey maybe I should be the one majoring in Forensics." Izzy remarked smugly pride in his little investigation skills. It came with age it would seem, but he had apparently become an expert on knowing just when someone was doing the dirty. And then immediately rubbing it in their face. And by immediately, I mean he was going to rub Justin's face in it for pretty much all week. And that was saying something considering Izzy really didn't interact with anyone... Except apparently to poke fun at them. He was a really strange guy.

"Th-That's not what happened at all. We just slept in a funny position is all; that's it!" Justin tried to defend himself, as if this really were something to be ashamed of. So what, he got caught red-handed doing the nasty in college. Did he really think he was the only one that did this? Hell, I bet you by the end of the year most everyone in the dorm right now will have gotten laid in one of these rooms. The exception probably being Erin because it would physically be impossible for her to get past foreplay. She'd have the dirty talk covered no problem... but then, she'd kind of never stop doing the dirty talk and getting on to the actual fucking. At least she was devoted to her art, I guess.

"Funny position, huh? Kinky." Maya added with amusement. Oh no, it was still a horrifying image, and the fact that she had turned that into asexual innuendo only helped make that image in her mind even worse, but it was somewhat amusing watching Justin get all hot under the collar about this. They could stop pressing him at any time really, but... You know...What better way to spend a morning than torturing your friends and loved ones.

"You know what I meant!"

"Right. And that's why I said kinky." She smiled smugly. What he really meant is 'here's a bullshit lie about how we didn't do the nasty in my bedroom last night.' And everyone present was aware of that. Hell, you could even hear Erin downstairs chuckling a bit. Granted, it was because she was watching something on television, but Justin had taken it as her eavesdropping. Knowing Erin, she'd probably gossip about this for hours with everyone she knew, so he was rather grateful she was left out of the loop on this one.

"Yeah okay, screw you guys." Justin threw his hands up in his fit before marching out the bathroom and down the stairs, finally having had just about enough of the two mocking him for something they couldn't even say without any reasonable doubt that he did. All they could prove was he had scratch marks. In his mind this was all running like some kind of court system where without sufficient evidence to prove he was criminally responsible, they couldn't charge him with anything. And of course, he was innocent until proven guilty. Of course, in the real world, evidence more often than not had no common application. It was more of a matter of what one chose to believe and leaving it at that. Maya and Izzy were just lucky enough to get some evidence to shove in Justin's face when he tried to lie to them. It added to the game, not so much the trial.

"No, no, see. That's what we're telling you NOT to do."